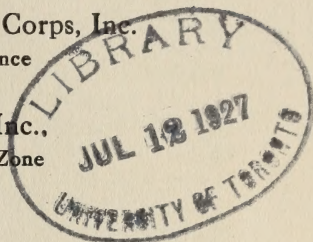


Report of  
DR. LOUIS LIVINGSTON SEAMAN  
President of  
The British War Relief Association, Inc. of New York  
and member of the Advisory Board of  
The American Volunteer Motor Ambulance Corps, Inc.  
(Section Sanitaire Americaine No. 7) of France  
to the members of  
The British War Relief Association, Inc.,  
on his return from his second visit to the War Zone  
October 23rd, 1916.



To say that I am delighted to be with you again, would very inadequately express my thanks for such a welcome. But it is sincerely appreciated and I am more than happy to see the work of the Association being pushed so vigorously, for there never was a time when it was so terribly needed as at the present moment.

During the past two months, Mrs. Seaman and I have indeed had rather a lurid series of experiences—incidents that make one believe, that a crowded hour of glorious life, is worth an age without an aim. Even our crossings could hardly be called monotonous. No sooner had we passed the Light Ship, than we encountered our Fleet practicing their summer maneuvers off Newport—and later three British Cruisers were seen patrolling the ocean highway. On approaching the French Coast two torpedo boats met us, and trawlers, with minesweepers, convoyed us safely to the harbor at Bordeaux.

On our return voyage in a British steamer, "U-53," which on the previous day had sunk three ships, was in our waters when a wireless message from a British Cruiser warned us that she lay directly in our path. Life belts were ordered, life boats lowered, the ship sealed, and we followed a zig zag course for many miles until we escaped the destroyer. Our passenger list was larger than any since the sinking of the Lusitania, and it was pitiable to see the terror among the old men and women in the steerage, although all showed good courage in facing what seemed to be an inevitable fate.

The first real evidences of War seen in France were many hundreds of men with large letters printed on their backs, "P. G." Prisonniers de Guerre. They were well fed, healthy looking Germans who had been detailed by the French to a better employment than murdering women and children and spreading death and destruction in the burning of cities. As we passed through the country between Bordeaux and Paris, the absence of men was most noticeable. Women and little children were toiling in the fields, gathering the harvests, or plowing for the coming crops, while the men were doing their duty in the Army.

In Paris we made the Hotel Edward VII. our headquarters and our first visit was made to the American Relief Clearing House which was formerly the home of Mr. Herrick, the American



Ambassador. It is recognized by the French Government as an institution of great power and influence, and, after troops and munitions of war, its freight is given right of way on all railroads. It is superbly organized with Executive Officers who are in touch with the British as well as the French Hospitals, and who push its work with dispatch. It controls three enormous warehouses from which most of its goods are distributed to sections of the War Zone. Many thousand cases are sent to be distributed at the discretion of its Officers. 5300 were received the week we were there.

I regard this Institution as the one above all others that accomplishes the most direct work of Relief in France. Mr. Beatty Chairman, and Mr. Barbour, its Secretary, are untiring in their zeal, and their work has won universal admiration.

They give you, Ladies of the British War Relief Ass'n, great commendation for your generous contributions and especially for the well packed, uniformly sized cases we send. It was a rare pleasure to recognize these familiar boxes, many of which arrived while we were there, having come by the Lafayette on which we had crossed, thus proving the promptness with which shipments are dispatched and delivered.

Every recognized American Relief Association has a Bastion or Warehouse, over seventy of which were given by the French Government. They are located on a part of the old Champs de Mars, near the Trocadero. Here, repacking, or redirecting of cases is done by ladies connected with the various Associations, after which they are forwarded to their destinations.

The Surgical Dressings Committee desire to accomplish the federation of work under its direction, with headquarters in Paris. It is in close touch with and supplies the needs of many hospitals.

We next visited the Hotel Astoria on the Champs Elysees the Paris headquarters of the British Red Cross, with Colonel Robinson in command. Not many Officers or men are there at present, as the British wounded are sent to England with all possible celerity.

It was here that the Japanese Red Cross had its Unit during the first year of the War, and left an enviable record. Doctor Robinson sends his warmest thanks to you all for your many contributions, especially to Mrs. Rice for the generous supply of anesthetics recently received.

The American Ambulance at Neuilly, where I saw our dressings in use, is continuing its magnificent work for humanity. As you probably know this institution was in process of erection at the outbreak of the War, and was designed for a public school to be known as the Lycee Pasteur, named for that great genius of France who discovered the microbic origin of disease, and whose name will go down to posterity as long as history lasts. One can easily imagine the delight with which that great savant, would have watched the reconstruction of the mutilated heroes, wounded while fighting for the honor and liberty of their beloved Country. Our American Surgeons there, are making a specialty in plastic operations, especially in restoring faces and jaws. One of the most serious cases was a British Officer whose face had been almost entirely blown away by a fragment of shrapnel, and which is being



gradually restored by grafting on new tissue. The courage with which such victims face not only death, but life, is one of the marvels of the age.

The French Wounded Emergency Fund, with headquarters in London under the Patronage of H. E. The British Ambassador, is an Association deserving high commendation, and one with which we should come in closer touch. It is doing fine work in Brittany, and near the firing line in France.

The American Fund for French Wounded, to which we have contributed, typifies the spirit of France as it exists today. It is located in the Building of the old Alcazar, formerly one of the gayest resorts of Paris where sounds of revelry were heard, not only by night, but in the wee hours of the morning. But what a transformation. Today its gilded halls are filled with surgical dressings and vast stores of hospital supplies gathered from all parts of our country, and being distributed for the restoration of the victims of this awful tragedy. In the temporary absence of Mrs. Lathrop, Miss Vail was performing her duties, and bade me thank you for our part in their work. They placed a military motor at my disposal in which we visited several hospitals in the environs. Among them Doctor Blake's Institution at Ris Orangis where we saw many more familiar British War Relief Dressings and where he and Doctor Taylor are doing some of the best surgical work of the War in the treatment of comminuted fractures with destruction of large areas of tissue by shrapnel shells.

Another institution where special War Surgery is proving most successful is at the Hospital of St. Nicholas, where seventy-five patients suffering from appalling burns from explosive shells, clouds of flame and tar shells, were being treated with wonderful results.

The method consists in thoroughly sterilizing the wound and then applying a spray of liquid wax and paraffin at a high temperature to the raw surfaces. The excruciating pain is relieved almost instantly, and new skin tissue rapidly forms over the entire wound, instead of leaving cicatricial tissue and the frightful scars, which formerly characterized such cases. Paraffin is difficult to obtain in France, and a special appeal is made for it. I know of few nobler purposes to which we could devote some of our offerings.

Miss Winifred Holt at The Phare a beautiful old mansion belonging to the Pope, had thirty-five soldiers who are totally blind. The home resembles a club where these unfortunates live and are being instructed, as in the Light House in New York, in weaving, typewriting, telephoning and other ways which will enable them to become self supporting. They were thankful for the Braille Records sent from The British War Relief. A little romance in the Institute occurred while we were there, and resulted in the wedding of a French nurse with one of the blind soldiers she had found, not only blind, but insane from shock, and under her care, had recovered his reason.

The National work for the blind victims of the War is at Reuilly, where Government re-education is being carried out on an extensive scale. Hundreds of men are here taught the art of basket making, finishing and assembling castings for motor cars, shoe



making, anatomy and message telegraphing and other occupations. The Institution was formerly a Monastery surrounded by beautiful gardens and parks. Many French ladies come here during recreation hours, acting as attendants as well as friends, and making it seem almost as a garden party to the passer-by, in contrast to the terrible tragedy of which the men are the victims. There is no self pity there—and sounds of laughter are often heard.

At the Grand Palais on the Champs Elysées, the vocational re-education of the mutilated is being conducted on a magnificent scale. Instead of the usual display of the works of the greatest masters of the world,—there are now seen thousands of the wrecks of humanity who have recovered from their wounds and are being taught useful trades. Peasants, incapacitated from rural pursuits by the loss of one or perhaps both legs are being taught shoe-making, tailoring, designing, or as barbers, soap-makers, and other trades. It is a veritable beehive of industry, where men are being renewed with hope, and made self-supporting, and self-respecting. Often you hear them making gruesome jokes on their own misfortunes, but always with the spirit of courage and good cheer. It is the spirit of France which cannot be crushed, but which, "Phoenix like, from its ashes will rise again to Jove."

In another section of this Grand Palais, formerly the home of the masterpieces of the greatest artists of the world, and treasures which rival those of the Louvre, and Vatican, may now be seen hundreds of the maimed, fresh from the Battlefields of Verdun and the North,—with their Red Cross attendants, who have done so much to palliate the sufferings and horrors of War. But in all this vast throng one rarely hears a moan or complaint.

In contrast to these scenes and just across the way stands the Petit Palais where are found treasures brought from the ruins of France and Flanders, and tapestries picturing the wreckage and desolation of battle scenes, centuries old, depicting the bravery of the men of France, who in ancient days fought for the same liberty, and same ideals, they are now giving their life blood so freely to protect.

Le Secours de Guerre, in the old Seminary of Champs Sulpice, in Paris, to which we have also sent many contributions, was most interesting. Over 2,000 refugees, of more than 600 are children from the invaded districts, here find a happy home, where all are given work, and the children are trained in athletic exercises, as well as by books. The Institution was started by the Police and Tradesmen of the District, but has since been taken over by the Minister of War and the City of Paris. Here, came these poor refugees almost naked, and were fed and given lodgings and re-clothed. A department for refitting and mending of old clothes, and shops for repairing are in active operation.

Other Institutions that are ministering to hundreds of the needy are those of Mrs. Wharton, Madame Pinto, Mrs. Mygatt, Mrs. Duryea and Madame d'Hemptinne, whilst Mrs. Robert W. Bliss, who organized the American Distributing Service, has her own motor trucks, whereby relief is given to many distressing cases, off the main travelled roads.

The Rev. Dr. Watson of the American Church in Paris, is on



many of the Official Committees, representing French, Belgian, and British interests. His work cannot be too highly commended. I make another special appeal for him. Each month he supplies 1,000 pairs of socks to the Belgian Army, which is but a small item of his daily output, and our assistance is greatly needed.

Mlle. De Guilhou is doing excellent work for the impoverished ladies of France, and the splendid generosity of wealthy Americans in Paris is evidenced at the palatial homes of James S. Stillman, Mr. Hyde, and others who have turned their houses into temporary hospitals or convalescent homes for French Officers.

It is acts of this nature, and the splendid work you and the women of America are doing that has endeared America to the hearts of the French Nation.

France is now federating all Refugee Associations under the government supervision, especially where they relate to the care and education of the War Orphans upon which the Country depends largely for its future prosperity. The fate of these little ones in both France and Belgium is causing much solicitude; for both Countries sadly need them for the restoration of their lost populations. Baron Vitea has established an Orphanage for 2,500 such children in the University of Faubourg. It is called the Université-Populaire-du-Faubourg-Saint-Antoine, where a pledge is given that the little ones will never be abandoned to vice or misery. Mrs. Bliss, Madame Carton de Wiart and others, are doing the same noble work.

For many years, Germany has practically monopolized the export trade in toys. One of the interesting institutions for the employment of convalescent soldiers is the making of toys to supply this trade, and the result is proving most satisfactory. President Poincaré, is its President, and it promises to become a national industry.

One Sunday morning, we motored to Compiègne, some fifty miles from Paris through much of the Country fought over in the Seventy Days Battle of the Oise and the Marne, passing through the ruins of Senlis on the way route. It was here the Germans demonstrated their chivalry by burning the town and shooting the Maire and his Cabinet because a few defenders of the place were discovered in it, after they supposed it had been evacuated. They buried the Maire with his feet in the air. This great battle will pass in history as the pivotal one of the War, for it was here, and on the Oise and the Aisne, that the Germans were beaten back, back, from Meaux,—twelve miles from Paris, to the hills fifty miles beyond, near Soissons, and Compiègne, where they are entrenched today. In a beautiful old Chateau transformed into an up-to-date ambulance by its presiding genius Doctor Alexis Carrel, we halted. And here is being done the most scientific and brilliant surgery of this war. The method by which this result is attained is by constant irrigation of the wound with a simple solution of chloride of lime, carbonate of soda and bicarb of soda, brought in contact with every part of the wound by little rubber tubes, which *kill* septic



germs, and by so doing, all pain is at once relieved. Soldiers with terrible wounds of extremities which in past wars would have been treated by prompt amputation, are now cured in three or four months and returned to their Colors. Compound comminuted fractures with frightful lacerations and loss of tissue, resulting from shrapnel and explosions, even when seriously infected and septic, are sterilized by this process and successfully treated as simple fractures. Never have I passed a more illuminating day than the one with this distinguished surgeon, as we moved from laboratory to ward and from patient to patient, listening to his words of wisdom and witnessing the wonderful results of his genius. I asked him, in what manner our Association could serve him. "Send me Rubber Gloves," he said. "They are very difficult to obtain in France." And it's needless to say they have already started on their way.

Our visit to Chateau d'Annel was most interesting. It is the beautiful home of Mrs. C. Mitchell Depew, the first residence converted into an Ambulance in this great war. As we entered the door, the booming of the enemies' guns could be distinctly heard. It became an Ambulance on the 29th of August, 1914, and was accepted by Lord Kitchener twelve hours later, when its first patients were admitted. On the 30th of August, the German advance made its evacuation necessary, but on the 17th of Sept. it was again opened under the auspices of the British Red Cross, in whose service I inspected it, on this very Anniversary, two years ago. It is directly behind the last line of defence, which is exactly where it was at that time. Two British Batteries are located near the

Col. Barton commanding. He and Major Holliday and Lieut. Atkins came to meet us and Dr. Partridge conducted us to the trenches, and wire entanglements which extend directly to the Front line of Defence, or Firing Line. Here heavy guns are mounted, and as at Rheims exchange of shells is frequent.

On the evening of Sept. 12th, Mr. Harjes, Chairman of our American Motor Ambulance Corps, called for me and we left Paris by motor for Chalons Sur Marne. En route to Verdun we passed innumerable trains of lorries loaded with supplies of munitions for Verdun, and at eight, next morning, reached Marquenterre, one of the fortifications defending Verdun, where our Corps is stationed. Lieut. Richard Norton who has been decorated by the Republic with the Croix de Guerre gave us a warm welcome. The night had been comparatively quiet and only four wounded had been brought to the Emergency Hospital. But forty Germans had made their escape from their trenches and had surrendered to the French. They reported the recent mortality among their companions had been terribly severe. Realizing that to remain meant almost certain death, they decided to surrender. While crossing "No Man's Land," thirty of them became frightened and refused to go further. But the other ten came to the Lines and were hospitably received. One of the prisoners told the story of his frightened companions and was permitted to return to them. On learning how their comrades had been treated they determined to follow their example, and soon they too, were safely within the French Line. I conversed



with all of these men and, every one expressed delight on escaping from further military service during the War and complained of the cruelty of their officers. Such testimony is evidence of the loss of morale that is affecting the German Army, which is shown in many other ways. That of the French was never so fine as it is today. Verdun has cost the Huns over one half a million men, and a loss of prestige from which they will never recover.

All the following night and the next, the continuous artillery fire resembled the distant roar of thunder. Occasionally there were more violent outbursts, but the roar was uninterrupted and we welcomed the morning.

War as practiced today is entirely different from anything heretofore known in history. There is none of the pageantry of battle, as pictured in the historic works of Meissonier and Detaille, or Verestchagen, with legions in brilliant uniforms marching toward each other with fixed bayonets or flashing sabres; while gaily plumed aides de camp on dashing steeds rush to and fro with orders, while generals sit on their mounts, issuing occasional commands, as the rattle of musketry and boom of artillery fills the air with their thunder—all that has passed—dead as the age of romance. Never again will a great war take place in which the contestants can even see each other. Never again will a great war occur on the surface of the earth or on the Sea. It will be fought largely under ground, in the air, or under water. Today, war is a game of hide and seek, where the fighting armies live under ground, in dugouts or trenches, while the hundreds of thousands of reserves are completely concealed in woods or hidden covers in the rear. The fighting fronts are the most advanced line of trenches, and "No Man's Land" is between—a space possibly not more than 100 yards in width. The Artillery of the opposing forces hurl their shells of enormous calibre by thousands over the heads of their own armies, to the lines of the enemy far beyond, or to his trenches, in an effort to destroy him or drive him from his cover, thus giving the opposing force an opportunity to advance and capture the trench. It is then when the terrible charges occur, when men are slaughtered by the hundred by rapid firing guns or bayonets, in hand to hand fighting. To show one's self at other times is only to become an instant target for some vigilant sniper who quickly puts the exposed soldier hors de combat. Avions, who are the eyes of the Army, direct the fire of the Artillery by wireless messages sent from great heights. At other times the battle field often looks as lonely as a deserted grave-yard—where are seen only puffs of white smoke as it bursts from some exploding shell.

The morning after our arrival, I was invited by the Commanding Officer, Col De —— to visit the first line of trenches. It was raining in torrents and the Colonel insisted upon my wearing a long poncho, and a steel helmet and we started through the tortuous connecting trenches eight feet deep which wormed their weary way three long miles to the extreme front. Peering over the parapet through a trenchscope, and through the net work of wire entanglements we could distinctly see the lines of the Boches less than 400 yards away, where they were keeping vigil. The artillery three miles in our rear were dropping occasional 75's or



90's, as near as the gunners could aim. At the same time the Artillery of the Germans, quite as far behind their lines were returning the compliment, sometimes with interest. One of their shells burst within ten yards and everyone except the sentinel hustled into the dugout forty feet below. This was a dimly lighted excavation, cut in the hard chalky clay, where the men retire for safety, and where some of them sleep. It was comparatively dry, and comfortable, and safe from heavy shell fire. Its low walls were decorated with pictures and newspaper prints and it could hold about thirty men. A communicating trench led to the rear, thus providing an extra avenue of escape in case of attack. The trenches are always very crooked, to avoid the possibility of enfilading fire. Along their sides telephone and telegraph wires are fastened with frequent stations, where men can communicate with each other, or with the artillery in the rear. In the sides of the trenches little niches are cut forming steps in which the soldiers can sit if not on sentinel duty, and every 100 yards or so is a small dugout, ten or twelve feet deep, reached by steps where the wounded are brought, and given first aid. It is usually lighted by candles and used as a dressing station, where men can be made comparatively comfortable on the rough beds provided. The first dressing is generally done by a stretcher bearer, who not infrequently paints the wounds with iodine, and applies a pad or bandage. (That's where our oakum pads should come in.) He also gives a tablet or hypodermic of morphia if the patient is suffering severely, in which cases he paints a blue cross near the wound to indicate to the surgeon that this medicine has been administered. At night the wounded man is carried on a stretcher through the long tortuous connecting trench to the rear, often two miles distant, where an ambulance awaits him, and he is taken to the nearest field-hospital, where in the morning he receives further treatment,—that is, if he is not already dead. The headquarters of one of the sections of our American Motor Ambulance is near Marquenterre, where twelve motors are kept in constant readiness to answer emergency calls. Stationary Balloons for observation, looking like enormous Bologna sausages, are almost always in evidence near the field of action with which wireless communication is maintained and avions are frequently seen near the lines. On one occasion at a point near the German line it was my good fortune to see two avions, in action, and to hear the rattle of their rapid firing guns, but they disappeared beyond the enemies' lines. The swallow, a most graceful bird-like aeroplane invented by the French, is a marvel, that surpasses the German Fokker in speed and lightness. It can attain a velocity of 120 miles an hour, and has already brought down many of the much vaunted Fokkers. We saw thirty of these in the Aerodrome at Bar le Duc, near which place one of them had vanquished its German rival two days before. Often the avions attack the munition and supply trains on their way to the front and in the early days of the war they proved a serious menace. It was here the artists of France contributed their quota of protection. Along the most exposed places they built canvas covered sheds over the roadways and painted the outside in colors resembling the adjoining fields, thus deceiving the avions who from a height failed to



distinguish the deception. To further carry out the disguise, some distance away, they laid canvas or white clay across the fields, in imitation of a road—and on the canvass painted scenes resembling passing troops or lorries and munition trains which the avions frequently mistook for the real thing and shelled—while the transports went on safely under cover miles away. It was a clever device and worked successfully. On the way to Rheims we passed many miles under such protection, or where the road was protected by artificial hedges of brush or evergreens.

We have in all, 75 cars in our American Vol. Motor Ambulance at the various stations among which are two sent by this Association, both of which have done excellent service. One day, our men evacuated over 600 wounded. Eight of our chauffeurs have received the Croix de Guerre, and all have been "cited in orders" for their courageous performance of duty while under fire. Two have been wounded, one mortally, and two ambulances were splintered by shrapnel. The Corps has recently been reorganized under the chairmanship of Mr. H. H. Harjes of Paris, and the American Red Cross, with Lieut. Norton as chief Officer in the Field, and has been made an integral part of the French Army, designated as "Corps Sanitaire No. 7." We hope during the next year to double its working force. \* \* \*

The following Sunday was one long to be remembered. With Commandant ——— Etât-Major of the French Army, wearing his Croix de Guerre, we visited Rheims. The country through which we ran with our military car at high speed, was one of the most beautiful in lovely France. For miles we followed the valley of the Marne, on whose historic banks the greatest battle of the War, except Verdun, was fought and won, and thousands of little crosses still mark the resting places of many of the men who in their last fight turned the tide to victory, and drove the Hun back to his cover. On the way we saw the beautiful and historic Chateau of the Duke de Chandon, whose owner in 1870 purchased immunity for the people of Epernay and its vine clad hills, from Bismarck for 500,000 marks, when the German hordes were on their triumphant march to Paris. History repeats itself, but with variations. To-day the women are again toiling in the fields and vineyards while their men are winning victories that will maintain their liberty,—free from the vassalage of the hated Hun, and his hated Kultur. It was noon when we reached Rheims, whose deserted buildings and streets had been again torn by bombardment, only two hours before our arrival. The City resembles a City of the Dead. Blocks of houses had been completely wrecked by bursting shells, and tall grass was growing between the stones of the pavements, once crowded by a happy people. Many of the lone chimneys like gaunt sentinels, mark the scene, while great yawning gashes in the walls of lonely buildings show the merciless punishment the enemy had inflicted. It was nearly noon when we reached the Cathedral,—that marvel of mediaeval architecture, whose magnificent proportions and beauty thrilled me almost as did my first sight of the Taj Mahal, although entirely different. It stands alone, deserted—except by the exquisite and untouched statue of Jean d'Arc, that faces its portals, as though in mourning and



sorrow, for the sins its assassins had committed. Heaven grant that France may leave it as it stands, scarred by the pitiless shells of a pitiless foe, a perpetual monument to the most monstrous crime in history. Nothing could visualize more forcefully the heinous barbarities and inhumanity of the Huns, than this architectural pile in its silent dignity and beauty.

The Sacristan had been notified of our coming, and awaited us in the Plaza. He unlocked the temporary door that had been erected to protect the ruins and admitted us to the interior. The floor near the Eastern entrance was piled high with stones, portions of the roof through which a large obus had fallen. At the time of the attack, many German wounded were being carefully treated on beds of straw by the priests and attendants of the Cathedral. It was this straw that caught fire when the obus exploded and burned much of the interior wood work of one of the towers, destroying several beautiful pieces of statuary, and some of the pulpits, while the Priests carried the wounded to places of safety. 11,255 shells have fallen in the City, more than 150 of which,—the Sacristan informed us,—had struck the cathedral marring its marvelous statuary, spire, and gargoyles. The Cathedral has a double roof, the outer of which is practically crushed to pieces,—but only two shells penetrated its heavy interior roof. One of these tore an angry wound, and fell near the altar, spattering its splinters of steels through the woodwork, destroying many sacred pictures, but leaving the Crucifix, and its symbolism of the supreme Agony unharmed. It would seem to indicate that the brave heroes of this dreadful tragedy, are giving their lives in the same spirit that the Saviour gave his, as a sacrifice for humanity,—to escape the hell of German triumph and tyranny.

It was gratifying to find the main structure, comparatively uninjured. Although its interior was badly wrecked, its beautiful windows were nearly all intact, except the Rose Window, much of which, with its glorious 12th Century glass, had been shattered. A few fragments were found among the debris and presented to us by the Sacristan as souvenirs of German barbarism.

The Palace of the Archbishop which adjoined the Cathedral is a mass of indistinguishable wreckage. We passed through deserted streets piled with the debris of fallen buildings, over which vines are now climbing, with wild flowers among the ruins. Two miles away are the German entrenchments. Neither tramcars nor telephones nor gas, nor electricity remains in the city which is still under fire. The few remaining inhabitants sleep in cellars, or have their offices in the great champagne caves, where schools for the children are conducted. Curiously enough, the vintages of the past two years have been far above the average, and most of the liquid sunshine of the hills and valleys of that section of France, is now safely stored under ground, having been garnered and pressed by the old men and women and children living in these caves. The city is well stocked with provisions and fruits and vegetables are abundant, with the prices lower than usual.

On the following day in answer to a telegram received from Dr. De Page, I left for Belgium, passing through Etaples, Boulogne and Calais on the Way. Imagine my delight on reaching Calais



and meeting two of Dr. De Page's Assistants, who had come from La Panne in the identical motor car that our generous friend Mrs. Stromberg had presented to him through our Association. It seemed like meeting an old friend.

A run of forty miles through a part of France via Dunkirk, brought us to La Panne, the present home of the great Surgeon-General of the Belgian Army, where on the Digue de Mer, we renewed the friendship made in the early days of the war. Nearly 5,000 patients are in the hospitals here, where the same surgical technique as used by Dr. Carrell is being effectively practiced. For two days I was the Doctor's guest, and with him in the operating room; and while there was invited to a private audience with H. M. Queen Elizabeth, who bade me give you her most gracious thanks and greetings. She spoke in keenest praise of America's generosity to her people, who, but for this wonderful assistance would have perished from the earth—and of the deep obligation of her suffering country to our land. She is a rare jewel without the setting, proving the royal character, without its pageantry; a fitting mate for the King who will pass into history as the greatest hero of this terrible war. She is living near the sea in a private villa near the hospitals which she visits almost daily in her work of devotion, and her whole soul is wrapped in the welfare of her suffering people and her desire to help them. The King was with his troops at the Front at the time of my visit, and during the day, three British Cruisers patrolling the sea, paid their compliments to the Germans by throwing occasional shells over our heads to the German trenches near Nieuport.

On the sea shore, near the hospital, stands a rude little chapel recently erected. It is known as the Relic Church, and its pulpit, its font, and its altar, were rescued from the wreckage of Nieuport, and the ruined churches of Belgium. Many sacred pictures of rare beauty and age are here, and ancient Crucifixes, marred and scarred by the enemies shells. In strange contrast, in one corner was piled a heap of brown stone cannon balls, that had been unearthed by the Soldiers while digging the trenches near Nieuport and which had been used in the Battle of the Dunes centuries before. For more than a thousand years Belgium has been the cockpit of Europe, but the spirit of its people is still unconquered.

From La Panne we visited Havre, the present seat of the Belgian Government, where we met several of the Ministers of State and were told of the work already inaugurated for the restoration of the Belgian People and of the colonies of orphans, in various centers in France where they are being carefully educated. On a hill overlooking the City, Le Comte de Renesse Breidack has built an Institution that reflects the spirit of Belgium better than words can picture. There, the human wreckage of the Army, is being made over, into self-supporting, self-respecting wage earners in various trades, and where the atmosphere is one of self-content and happiness. Shops for various industries are filled with legless shoemakers and tailors, and printers who are now earning a fair competence. Basket and barrel making, metal-lathe workers, cooks and bakers, and toy makers are here, and many peaceful arts are being taught to Artisans who are lame and blind, but



whose indomitable wills are conquering their cruel fate. The spirit of the Count, who from wealth and power was driven to poverty, is bringing inspiration through his personality, to thousands of men—from the depths of despair to contentment and self support.

We dined with Madame Chas. Carton De Wiart, wife of the Belgian Minister of Justice, in an ancient castle in the environs of Havre. It was in strange contrast to the prison for criminals in Berlin, where she was incarcerated for three months, for distributing the pastoral letter of Cardinal Mercier. When asked by the German Tribunal whether she had distributed these letters, she answered, "Yes, and I am ready to pay the penalty." After sentence had been passed, she was asked if she had anything to say. Her answer was, "You are illogical. You have condemned me for distributing Cardinal Mercier's letter, but you would not dare to imprison him on account of the Catholics in Germany." Our embassy and that of Spain intervened on her behalf, but when Mr. Gerard our Minister called to see her, the interview was allowed only in the presence of a German Officer. When asked regarding her food, she said "I had not known these dishes before, but I know them know." The following day the German Officer visited her again and said "Madam, you will be allowed the privilege of purchasing your own food." She answered, "For a privilege one must say thank you. I cannot say thank you to a German. You say I may pay for my food. That money would go to a German. I would rather starve than have my money go to a German." She endured her imprisonment to the end, thus tipifying again the spirit of Belgium which neither shell, nor torture can conquer.

Havre, Etaples, Calais and Boulogne are the great war bases of Great Britain in France. In or near them are now concentrated camps with hundred of thousands of reserves, miles of warehouses of army supplies, rations and munitions, artillery, and extras of almost every conceivable article used in war, hospitals of enormous proportions, kitchens, laundries, thousands of heavy motor lorries, stables for Cavalry, and thousands of mules and horses—docks and shipping facilities, everything in short requisite to equip and run one of the greatest armies the world had ever seen. Only one who has witnessed them, can begin to comprehend the gigantic energies concentrated here, the enormous tonnage requisite for the maintenance of the army, and the system by which the transport is made to, and from the Front, with scarcely a friction anywhere. The conviction is inevitable, that a country with such glorious traditions such inexhaustible resources, and such spirit as animates her and her Allies, must be invincible. Conquer she must, and conquer she will.

France is cut off from England at intervals for several days at a time, owing to the presence of submarines and movements of the Navy, but our crossing from Havre, (which is made only in the night), required only four hours, although three more were necessary to reach Southampton through the fields of sunken mines. London gave us a warm reception,—almost equal to Antwerp, two years ago last August. We had scarcely retired in our hotel on Trafalgar Square, when a Zeppelin sailed over, and dropped a



series of incendiary and explosive bombs in Victoria Street, and beyond near Brixton, killing twelve persons, mostly elderly women and little children, and wounding many others. The old mother of a comedian and his little daughter were among those killed by the obus, the cap of which I have. When we arrived on the scene the neighbors were making a collection for the benefit of the sufferers, and in the name of the British War Relief Association I added five pounds to the sum and was presented with this souvenir of German Kultur. The obus that fell on the house played grotesque havoc, blowing its roof to a house on the other side of the street and flinging floors and walls into a chaotic heap. Another bomb fell in the middle of the car track a few squares beyond, directly in front of a public house, the keeper of which had his leg broken, the arm of a tobacconist was fractured and the contents of his little shop were blown into the street. Six people were killed, and many others, among whom were several children were seriously injured. Not a single person connected with the army was wounded, nor was damage done to any military establishment, and yet the Huns still call this War. To illustrate how undaunted the neighbors were—in a shop where the windows had been blown out, and the furniture ruined, a large sign appeared next day "Business as Usual"—and in a Bakery where only the stove remained, loaves were being sold as though nothing unusual had happened.

On the following day we visited Maudsly Hospital and its celebrated nerve specialist, Dr. Wells. In this Institution were many suffering from various forms of neuroses, brought on by shock in battle, some of them terrible to behold. Especially one poor fellow who had long been a prisoner of war in Germany, and is now totally insane. Cases of paralysis causing frightful distortion, and muscular tremors, were all too numerous, others were deaf and dumb, while others had lost their memories. None of these patients had ever been wounded, and excellent results are being obtained in their treatment, through the prolonged use of hot baths, massage and rest.

Military hospitals have sprung up like mushrooms in a night, all over England, especially in London, where there are now no less than 18,629 of which are strictly under military supervision. On several occasions we were so fortunate as to be accompanied by the sister of our Vice-President, who acted as our guide, philosopher and friend, and who is conducting a beautiful work of her own among the children of England, and I ask that donations of clothing be sent her for distribution among the little ones.

Commandant Mrs. Aubrey Richardson of Dollis Hill Hospital, formerly the house of The Marquis of Aberdeen, was absent when we were in London, and a report of her work will be made later.

Many of London's Hospitals are devoted to the treatment of special injuries, as for instance, fractures of the jaw which are treated mostly at Morvay, and also at Aldershot, which I visited with Sir Arbuthnot Lane, and saw surgical reconstruction work similar to that practiced in the American Ambulance in Paris. Conservative Surgery is the rule in all British Hospitals and amputations are comparatively rare.



In answer to the 2,000th case sent by our Association, to Her Majesty, Queen Mary, Lady Lawson was commanded to express her thanks and appreciation to the British War Relief Association, and to state that Her Majesty will be glad to receive others on behalf of England's wounded heroes.

At the American Women's War Relief, of which the Duchess of Marlborough is Chairman, the greatest appreciation was expressed by Lady Lowther for our gifts. The work of their knitting factory and workroom for ladies suffering through the war, are among the successful ways of alleviating the suffering in England, but the American Women's War Hospital at Paignton, South Devon, is the commanding work of this Association.

King George V Hospital, with its 3,000 beds is the largest in London. It is near St. Thomas' on the Thames, and is in close proximity to Waterloo Station, where the wounded arrive from France, so that transport to the wards is easy. Excellent surgical work is performed here by many of the leading surgeons in London. Many serious head and chest wounds are found in its wards, but over 1,000 patients attended a concert that was being given for their benefit by Lady Tree while we were present, and it was a pleasure to watch the patients relax from pain, in the enjoyment of the hour.

In King's College Hospital, next day we saw many of the mutilated victims of the Zeppelin Raid. Several had died during the previous night, and others seemed likely to follow. Major Brook, who was in command, was untiring in his courtesies, and showed many cases of rare interest.

In Queen Mary's Convalescent Auxiliary Hospital at Roehampton, conducted in the private houses of Messrs. Pierpont Morgan and Kenneth Wilson, the work for vocational re-education of the mutilated, is being conducted on a large scale. Here, they are fitted with artificial limbs and taught various trades during their prolonged convalescence, thus preparing them to make a new start in life. Of the 6,577 cases admitted, 3,565 have been provided with artificial limbs made in the factories, on the grounds. Over 800 patients are admitted monthly and the good work, largely done by Americans, still continues. Fitted with new limbs, many of the men run races, ride bicycles, play croquet and football, as a diversion for their tedious hours, while others practice the trades taught in this admirable home.

A noticeable contrast may be found between the German Prisoner in England, and the British Subjects from interned Camps in Germany who have been returned in exchange—the British, in many cases, present a piteous spectacle. It is heartrending to see how privation, and in some cases brutal treatment have told on their constitutions. In contrast with the British Prisoners in Germany, is that meted out to German Prisoners in England. The latter, so long as they are suffering in hospital, receive the same care and attention as the British. The highest medical skill is at their command; and dietary is liberal and varied. Medical science in England knows nothing of political boundaries or ethnological distinctions. When convalescent, the German Prisoners are allowed to play games and amuse themselves in their own way. The Tom-



my is convinced that the German never "played the game," and never can, and he makes excuses for the Huns unsportsmanlike tendencies. "It is not the Blighter's own fault," he says, "He knows no better." His psychology, in this respect, is extremely curious. He doesn't hate the Hun so much. He despises him, and nothing on earth would induce him to associate with him.

One of our last visits in London was made to St. Dunstan's in Regent's Park, immortalized by Thackeray in "Vanity Fair," and now the property of Mr. Otto Kahn of this City, who has generously handed it over free of charge, for the duration of the war, and 6 months afterwards, to the "Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Care Committee," of which Sir Arthur Pearson is Chairman. Never indeed, was there a happier idea, for Sir Arthur, himself, is blind and keenly alive to the needs of those who are under the same disadvantage. As he so admirably stated it, "They have to learn to be Blind," and it is remarkable how quickly they do so under competent tuition, and how rapidly they take to indoor and outdoor sports and pastimes. The spacious grounds border on Regent's Park Lake, thus affording excellent facility for rowing—an exercise at once delightful and beneficial to the blind, and one of the fine outdoor sports in which they can participate and feel, as Sir Arthur so aptly put it, "They are conducting other people, instead of being conducted by them." Swimming, too, is very popular and much time is taken up with physical drill.

In the garden and recreation grounds there are swings and see-saws and other appliances for getting exercise. Indoor they have dancing concerts and debating societies once a week, which are very popular with the men. Singing and instrumental music are taught, as well as typewriting in the Braille type, in which some of the pupils have attained a proficiency above the average of others who are not blind.

Instruction is also given here in carpentry, mat and basket making, massage, telephone operating, poultry-farming and market gardening, in which capacities many of them may earn from one to two pounds a week, and which, in addition to their pension of 25 shillings, from the Government gives them a comfortable maintenance.

Most of the instructors are blind men, a circumstance that greatly encourages the learners to persevere. It was among these heroic victims of the war we passed a most interesting afternoon, and where I had the pleasure of handing a draft of one hundred pounds to Sir Arthur, as a gift from Miss Codman, through our Association. "This place," said Sir Arthur, "Is the happiest House in London, probably in the whole world, and I'll tell you why,—it's so full of sympathy." The Institution typifies the moral tone and spirit of England today. It is the spirit of hope, of life, of victory. It is the spirit of our ancestors of '76—the spirit of confidence, of success, of irresistible determination to rescue Freedom and Civilization from this terrible tragedy, the spirit of Lincoln at Gettysburg, when he prophesied for our Countrymen, "That Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."



You may have observed from these remarks, that in this War I am no Neutral. The aim of the Allies, today, is to secure for themselves that new birth of Freedom pictured by Lincoln at Gettysburg, and the attainment of that purpose affects our own Country as deeply as it does the Allies. It is as much America's fight as theirs, for the predatory aggression of the Hun will not cease at the 3-mile limit, and in our deplorable state of helplessness, a state that resembles that of China, we not only invite war but defeat and vassalage.

I am a man of Peace, the Vice-President of The Peace and Arbitration League of America. As an officer or observer I have participated in eight wars, and heaven knows I want to see no more. But until the end of this piratical conflict, in which the ideals of liberty and freedom and honor, for which my ancestors fought and died, are the stakes, I am heart and soul with the Allies, and I congratulate you Ladies in your work for the same end. The traditional friendship between France and America, begun by Lafayette and Washington, would have been only a memory had not America's great War Relief Societies kept it alive; and it is to them and our Surgeons, our Hospitals and Nurses, our splendid Ambulance Corps and brave Avions and Foreign Legion that we owe the preservation of that friendship, and the "entente cordiale" that exists between our Countries today.

I am more than proud to learn on my return from the War Zone, of the splendid work of the British War Relief Association, and that there has been received in cash donations during 1916 more than double the amount received during 1915, and that the shipment of cases of hospital supplies has been more than four times greater than in 1915.

I earnestly appeal to all the members and friends of the Association, to continue the work of preparing hospital supplies with the utmost energy, as I can assure you of the enormous and growing need of all kinds of surgical and relief supplies.